two poems

1.
people who like
seldom remember.
not that this,
(remembering),
is a parchment;
only liking is.
now,
love perhaps,
is remembering this.
and,
only those
who like to remember,
can
and yet do
this-
truly love.

2.
can a sheep say?
i wonder if the sheep say.
(say, sheep, i don't care what.)
does one sheep smile at another?
do they utter respect for the atmosphere?
are they extremists?
do they suffer awe?
say, sheep, say,
i don't care what.
do they ever suggest a
criticizm,
and then abate?
or do they endlessly
baa,
and never wink
at the folly
of the herder,
untying his mind
from him.
i wish they would say.
-well, anyway,
they endlessly look like
sheep,
and in that respect
they're one up on the herder,
whether they say so
or not.

j.terwilliger

Lina Stevenson: The Circle

I saw two men walking along the hard beach. Each held a staff of gold with with two golden birds sitting on them. Further up the beach I could see many figures, each at a distance from one another. I followed them as a young boy follows a parade, wanting to know them; yet knowing.

The two men approached the first figure, parting to let him pass between them. He was dressed as a harlequin and juggled four golden spheres. From his arms hung four golden threads. As he moved his arms the golden threads danced and moved the earth. He passed quickly and I knew I had missed too much. My companions turned to me, they knew the juggler. I was their child, a child-mind of dove innocence and of seagull grace.

The second figure was in sight. He was an old man. His face was old, but his eyes were young and crossed. On his shoulder he carried a body, the body was his own. He also carried a lantern with no light in it. As he passed he muttered, "I am the fool. Beware, I am you. Listen to the staff bears for they are not me." Then a great sadness descended upon me. I knew him too well to laugh.

I stumbled and then felt a whisper of spring memories. Looking up I saw two women in grecian robes. Their waists were grid in silver and gold which shone in the dying sun. Their hair was mist-like white. One held a white tulip whose scent clouded the mind and brought it into soaring heights of love. The other was powerful for she was truth. Her sword cut into my eyes forbidding them to close at sights beautiful and ugly. I knew one from the past, but had to find the other. The one I feared.

The sun was falling behind the surf. I thought about the four I met. Hot and tired I looked at the sun. My open eyes hurt from its blaze. Its fire rays gently touched the water, the air, and the fifth, me. My circle soul was slowly turning, lighted by the sun's rays. The staff bears stopped,

turned and faced me. We faced one another not speaking. My mind rushed thoughts of untellable symbols. The juggler was throwing the golden spheres into my mind, while his golden threads fell against my face.

It grew colder as the sun rested. The moon and her chilling rays lit our way. The standard bears were now two dark shapes holding the now sliver staff and birds. The sand below our feet was moist and a salt mist was blowing off the sea and into our faces. A man approached us, he was naked except for a silver cresent which hung from a silver chain embracing his neck. He walked in a slow rhythmic pace, humming and singing the same words over and over. "EVERYTHING GOES, EVERYTHING RETURNS; ETERNALLY ROLLS THE WHEEL OF BEING."

Without being able to understand him, I cried. A child came from the staff bearers and touched my hand. He spoke softly. "One more and you shall." He turned and ran half skipping back to the moon-lit-humming man. I cried more now. Slowly from a distance I saw a man coming. As he drew near I saw that he was to beautiful for my opened eyes. He stopped before me. I raised m y eyes to him. He was tall and his skin shone a warm brown. His large eyes gazed directly down into me and his full lips opened. "I am the last. You shall now meet yourself and ride the circle. I can not tell you more, but you have found the hidden TAROT. I will leave now, lastly kiss the golden threads in your hair and meet the next." He kissed my forehead and left. I was alone now. Ahead of me a figure was approaching with the dawn. I was confident and walked toward it. As I neared I knew who it was. We stopped before each other and touched finger tips. The figure was my self-circle.

There will not be a concert Thursday, March 19.

3-18-1958

THE TOWER
March 18, 1959
California School of Fine Arts
Number 2

Results of the S. F. Art Association Annual will be given in the next edition. There will be a school party two weeks from Friday. Tickets will be on sale beforehand to purchase beer for the occasion. Additional proceeds from the party will be used to continue Thursday afternoon concerts.

1.

Fellow Americans;
Cancer is cured.
World peace is established.
Air travel is safe, one hundred percent.
The economy is stabilized— permanently
Hitler and Stalin are dead—
They left no sons.
Now blow out the candle so the
moth won't burn to death.

2.

Up in the attic, the children play
house.
They go down stairs, mother smiles,
gives them each a peanut-butter
sandwich and a glass of milk. They
listen to the radio for an hour and
go to sleep.
It's all right, children can't get
pregnant.

3.

Would a cannibal eat a secretary
of State?
To find the answer you get out
the old family bible, (handed down
from generation to generation, father
to son, for more years than it takes
to grow a tree).
Blow off the dust, open the cover,
and find that the pages of
genesis are still un-cut.

Phil Perkis

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djange- MJQ

definite spider
fingers
tactfully-while
tainted touches- the doleful,
tingled tinklings
proclaim-

shaded minor'd meanings
as
tears
drop
from closed eyes. . .

still the
definite fingers
spider
tactfully
upon its
velveted-metallic
and hide stringed web-
cymbals as
symbols-
tarnished and
sweated aglow. . . . .

as hued
from life's blood . . . . . .

Villa-58

There is a considerable amount of student mail in the office. Would you please check the rack.